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# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXVI.

KINGSTON, CANADA, FEB. 18TH, 1899.

No. 7.

## Queen's University Journal.

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University in  
Twelve Fortnightly Numbers, during  
The Academic Year.

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The Business Manager is in the Sanctum on Mondays and Wednesdays from 11 to 12 to receive Subscriptions.

Subscription \$1.00 per year; 10 cents single copy.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor's  
Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed  
to the Business Manager.

**B**EFORE this reaches the eyes of our readers the Alumni conference for this session will be a thing of the past. We had nearly said it would be but a memory. We trust however that it will be much more; that it will, to both students and alumni, be an abiding power and a stimulus to more earnest study and more zealous effort. The conception of such a yearly conference was a happy one, for this institution more than any other tends to express the organic life of the University. Notwithstanding the daily grind of lectures, we who are students enter into the spirit of the conference, and under the stimulus thus produced, we drink in with renewed enthusiasm the words of lecturers and professors. Candid acknowledgments of ignorance, too, on the part of those who once as students knew mostly everything, give us a wholesome doubt of our own omniscience. The cheery goodfellowship of our elder brothers strengthens our sentiment of loyalty to our

Alma Mater, and the general character and attainments of the men who attend give us the feeling that these are workmen of whom Queen's need not be ashamed, and with that feeling comes renewed resolves that we too will resolutely go out in our own time to be *men* in that most difficult of all tasks, the task of living.

It widens our view, too, of the University and her functions. We who serve out our little span of years within the College walls are prone to think that we are the University and that all her life is bound up in us. One of the grandest thoughts is that our Alma Mater has a past as well as a present; that everywhere and in all walks of life there are those whose characters were formed and whose aspirations were directed to true ideals in these old halls. To see many generations of students represented at these gatherings, to see graduates of a decade or two ago as well as those of but a year or two showing the enthusiasm of student days, sobered yet intensified by actual contact with life, and to realize that they and we are part of a mighty spiritual organism which centres in the old College, but which also reaches out into all life—to see and reflect upon these things is necessarily to exalt our conception of the vocation and influence of old Queen's, and at the same time to bind our hearts to her with an enduring loyalty which is impatient to manifest itself in the wider sphere of actual life.

The annual meeting of the Rugby Football Club was held at the A.M.S. meeting on Saturday night. Some of the incidents connected with it should furnish food for reflection for thoughtful students who have no ulterior purpose to serve and who desire to see our sports

clean and wholesome. One of the things to be deprecated is the persistence with which some men try to stir up feeling between players of the game and non-players. The inference is that the non-playing element have no interest in the game and should therefore keep quiet. Now as we understand it the rugby team is a university team and the fact that its annual meeting is a meeting of the A.M.S. should put all students on an equal footing as regards the right to discuss the affairs of the club. It very often happens that men along the touchline see things which men in the thick of the game do not see, and it will be an unfortunate day for football when the team cannot accept candid criticism from non-players whose interest is as keen and whose loyalty is as unquestionable as that of the men wearing yellow, red and blue on the campus. Certainly the JOURNAL shall continue its unquestioned right to express its own views, while at the same time we would like to state that so far there has never been a refusal to give publication to any criticism of those views.

But still more unfortunate was the address of the gentleman who seconded the motion to receive the report of the retiring Secretary-Treasurer. If his utterances were inspired, if he really expressed the policy to be followed during the coming season, we foresee trouble ahead for the new executive. If his utterances were not inspired the sooner they are repudiated the better. The only interpretation which we, and many others present, could put upon his remarks was that the first business of the team is to win games. True, he identifies the winning of games with the reputation and honor of the university. As we look at it there are quite conceivable circumstances under which the honor of the university would be better served by defeat than victory. The principle is a vicious one and has injuriously affected the morale of the team in former years. We repeat that the general body of students do not want a rugby team whose first business is to win games. The first requisite we require in the team that represents us is that the players be gentlemen and men of honor who will scorn to take advantage of any technicality or do any thing unbecoming the

very best spirit of the university. We firmly believe such a team managed on such principles will gain more victories than any other, but we also believe that such a team cannot be secured on the basis of "anything to win." We trust, therefore, that the new executive will not begin its work hampered by such a policy as was thus outlined.

Again, we were given to understand that the ideal kind of game is that which is hardest upon opponents. The acme of rugby strategy is, the maximum of injury and embarrassment to one's opponent with the minimum of penalties and accidents to oneself. This is good tactics for a prize fight, but it is rather beneath the dignity of gentlemen students in a Canadian university. In justice to the students who have called them to this important work, the new executive should take an early opportunity to repudiate all such ideals.

We believe we have been fair in our interpretation of the remarks of the speaker referred to, but if he did not mean what his words indicated we assure him that the columns of the JOURNAL are open to him for a clear statement of the case from his point of view.

The new executive was appointed without opposition and is thus assured at the outset of a unanimous support of the students. We take it, however, that that support is based on the belief that the executive will make an honest effort to lift this branch of our sports to the highest plane possible. Every effort in that direction will be seconded and strongly supported by the JOURNAL, irrespective of the personnel of the executive. On the other hand, every failure to meet the expectations we have a right to cherish will meet with candid criticism irrespective of all past services or present abilities of the culprits.

Some fine day some of our literary aspirants may write a collection of essays "On Being Hard Up." It is a subject which lends itself very naturally to student effort by reason of the richness of student experience, which supplies matter and form alike. A symposium of students might advance the verdict of the ecumenical reason and conscience on the subject one stage. A university which is ever

seeking higher things in a crude, young country can advance it a stage further.

On the individual phase of the subject, we are told that Jerome K. Jerome has something to say, but his works are not yet in our College Library. Besides, before reading his contribution and before consulting any extraneous helps, we wish to assert our independence of thought by saying our own say, which is to be a suggestion of the nature, the lessons and the joys of the question under consideration.

As to its nature, it is abstract and concrete, the universal in the particular, an accident of the common commercial stringency as expressed in the want of realization of the wherewithal on the part of any man or body of men. It makes one think the times are hard, another that they are "out of joint," another that they are unequal and fickle. Its nature is chronic, constitutional, local and subjective at one and the same time, while it is likewise ephemeral, superficial and inflammatory.

It teaches one not to regret the giving of 'Xmas presents which "blesseth him or her who gives and him or her who takes." "Give and it shall be given unto you" remains true though there should be no good sleighing all winter. Nor can one regret those mild luxuries indulged that we might feel the goodness of life. But it teaches also the blessedness of a wise economy and a prudent moderation. It teaches the value of husbanding the resources at hand and of squaring income and expenditure, even when the former is a vanishing point. Above all it asserts the supreme worth of honesty and the danger of much borrowing.

"Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that;  
The coward slave we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that."

Who is sufficient to chant its joys? To have an empty purse and a light heart is to share "the sweet joy of living" with the barefoot boy, and with the shepherd-king that was to be, in his leaping from rock to rock. It is to feel that man is greater than his circumstances, including his sox. A hat of some sort he must have—though it need not a brim—but the things commonly worn

between feet and boots may be wholly or partially discarded. The joy of being yourself you will never know, even in part, unless you are hard up. Then only will the audacity and desperation of faith teach you the nature of true joy.

P.S.—He would be a dense man who would fail to observe that the subject suggested is a good one if properly handled; nor could the densest doubt that the editorial column is a practical illustration of a transcendental theme, when such stuff as the foregoing appears therein.

The *News* deserves great praise for the excellent work done on the last issue of the JOURNAL. The work was taken up at short notice, and the sickness of the business manager and the acting-editor delayed matters somewhat. Yet notwithstanding all these drawbacks the paper was delayed for only a short time beyond the regular date of issue. Its appearance was neat and bright and in every way creditable to the job department of that office.

The thanks of the staff and of the students generally are due to the energetic manager of the *News* for his promptness and for the high quality of the work done.

In last issue 'Freshman' took us to task because of our reference to the impropriety of first year students holding an "At Home." We like the moderate tone of the letter and have only a word to say in reply. We would suggest that the writer keep it by him till the close of his course and then answer it himself, and are sure he will be more severe in his criticism than we are inclined to be. We were all freshmen once and zealous for our rights, but the rights of freshmen are hypothetical, or at most merely potential. The freshman's one virtue should be modesty, and let him cultivate that assiduously; rights will come in due process of development. We regret that our representative was not able to grow enthusiastic in his praise of the "At Home," but seeing that the reporter for '02 did not consider the affair worthy of a line for the JOURNAL, we are the more inclined to condone his offence.

## Contributions.

### LUCAN.

ON the title page of his "Conquest of Mexico" Prescott has set a line of Latin poetry as a motto for his story of Cortes: *Victrices aquilas alium laturus in orbem*. It was originally written of Cæsar, to describe him when in 48 B.C. he left the conquered West for the East, to crush Pompey and "bear his victorious eagles into another world." It is a memorable line, picturesque, sonorous and made for quotation, and Lucan wrote it. It is characteristic of its author. He is made for quotation. Now no doubt the *Æneid* lives in men's hearts by reason of a hundred lines once read and never to be forgotten, but there is a difference. The *Æneid* gains by consecutive reading. To-day we read it by the book, and prefer the first half which admits of being read book by book. But read it as a whole, and the second half outweighs the first. With Lucan it is exactly the reverse. The *Pharsalia* as a whole is wearisome—even a single book is tiresome. It is better in extracts, perhaps best in single lines. How is this? The answer is to be found in the nature of the subject and of the writer, and in the character of the age at which it was produced.

A few words about the author first. Lucan was of Spanish birth (39 A.D.) Almost exactly a century before he was born Cicero joked in a Roman court of law about the local poets of Cordova, and no doubt his audience very properly smiled. It was from Cordova the great poet of Rome's next century came. His father, a quiet, retiring man, was the son of a great man and the brother of a greater. The eldest brother was the Gallio who refused to try St. Paul, but the second brother was the peculiar glory of the house—the rhetorical philosopher and courtier Seneca. Lucan, like Romanes, was taken as an infant from the land of his birth to grow up in a larger if not a healthier air. His uncle, Seneca, was guardian and prime minister of the Emperor Nero, and in the reflexion of this greatness Lucan grew up at Rome. He was bred in the Stoicism and the rhetoric of his family, and in view of his circumstances it has been remarked that no

training could have been worse for him. Philosophy had grown didactic in its old age, and was little better than popular preaching. Any one who will have the patience to read a dozen of Seneca's letters will realize how glib, thin and self-conscious a thing stoic philosophy was. It was worse: it was hard, arrogant, inevitably right, and had a tendency to efface natural feeling. It must have had for some men a real value in the ordering of life, for with Marcus Aurelius a century later it is a religion. At this time it was more the profession of religion than the substance. Breed a boy a Stoic philosopher, and he would grow up a prig. But if with such a training he must spend his life in "showing off," what will happen when the other half of his training has been rhetoric? This involved a superficial acquaintance with a lot of things, as our examination systems do, and, like them again, it aimed at producing a person who could on the smallest possible knowledge make the largest possible display—it led to pretence and intellectual dishonesty. A man left his professor of rhetoric able to speak and to speak well, or pleasantly, rather—*ore rotundo*—on any theme that could be suggested—the very counterpart, in fact, of Bunyan's Mr. Talkative. Blend these two methods of training and try them upon a quick, bright boy with a knack for versification, who grows up a prime minister's nephew in a state where there was no opposition, in a society brilliant, witty, fast and unreal, in a coterie whose pet he must become, and the "*Pharsalia*" is the result.

Lucan's was a short life. He held office at an early age, he wrote quantities of verse easily, and became the literary lion of the day. In an evil hour he competed at one of those many-sided festivals the Greeks invented and the Romans reproduced, and won the prize for poetry against the Emperor. The judges, perhaps, had more taste than tact. For an Emperor to be beaten at his own Eisteddfod is a serious thing, and Nero peremptorily forbade Lucan to publish any more poetry, or (what was as bad) to read his poems in public. Now, if Lucan had known, this was a blessing in disguise. It was the fashion at Rome for a poet to gather together his friends and read extracts

from his last great work, and Lucan liked it. The result was that the great works broke up uncomfortably into so many series of fine extracts, which taken in themselves were doubtless effective and entirely ruined the total effect of the whole. Mr. Burn, in his book on "Roman Art and Roman Literature," brings out that the tendency of the Roman in both these fields was to the decoration of the incidental rather than to the proportioned perfection of the entire structure. Lucan enjoyed these recitations, and his work suffered accordingly. He was terribly popular and wrote for instantaneous applause. Nero grudged him this and stopped it. Had Lucan been a wiser man, he might have profited immensely. Seclusion, privacy and study might have done much for him. "The toil of the file" (*limae labor*) which Horace recommends, might have become possible, and if the Horatian rule for the suppression of the poem for nine years seemed hard, fate had arranged (had he but known) for Nero's death in five years (69 A.D.) How long had Virgil taken over the *Aeneid*? And yet on his death-bed he wanted to burn it as immature. But Virgil was fifty (70-19 B.C.) and Lucan was twenty-five, and had less time to spare. He could not foresee the destined downfall of Nero, so he joined in a conspiracy to precipitate the event. The plot was discovered and he had to die, but not before he had shown that a man might be a Stoic and a poet.

To pass to his theme. The writing of history in verse was not new. If the *Iliad* were not a true history, Ennius at all events had written Annals of Rome in verse, and Virgil had thought about telling the victories of Augustus in epic form until his better judgment diverted him to a theme, which rid him of the necessity of adhering to a prosaic order of events, but allowed him scope as the poet of Rome, of Italy, and of Augustus. What was a later poet to do for an epic? Valerius Flaccus, Lucan's contemporary, tried the Argonauts; Statius a little later wrote a *Thebaid*; but such themes were not native to the Roman. What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? Silius Italicus, after Lucan's day, wrote an epic on the Carthaginians in Italy. They at least belonged to a

comparatively dead past. No one to-day, I think, is vitally concerned in the wars of the Roses, but King Charles the First's head is still a sore subject. Browning wrote a play about Charles and made him a villain, but his "Cavalier Tunes" are shorter and less trouble to read, so the League of the White Rose are quite pleased to quote them and leave "Stratford" unread. After all there is a difference between dramatic and epic poetry. What is the epic poet to do with his theme? Is he to stick closely to the last verifiable detail, or is he, like Scott in his novels here and there, to wander away from the text-book and invent, remodel and re-arrange at will? Whichever he does he will fail to please. Juvenius, a Spanish poet of the 4th century, did the gospels into hexameters with extreme fidelity to the synopsists. It was a *tour de force* and a successful one, but most people will prefer the original.

But Lucan, when he chose the great civil war, did not aim at versifying a text-book, and yet he stuck to history somehow. He does not analyse character with any striking success. Except as it were by accident, he always credits Cæsar with diabolical motives, and, with the exception of Cato, he makes all his persons into lay figures, and Cato was already something of a lay figure. He does not seem quite clear "what they killed each other for." At any rate somebody wished to prevent or to establish a tyranny—*regnum* recurs constantly. Whether Pompey was more clear of ambition for a throne than Cæsar, Lucan seems almost as uncertain as Pompey's contemporaries—or as Pompey. But, perhaps, it may be said, this shows the truth of his poetic perception. Cæsar, however, is unmistakably the villain of the poem, but as time has made it clear that Cæsar was the man the world wanted it would seem that the poet must be wrong somewhere. If we say that not Cæsar, but Cæsar's creation, the Empire, is Lucan's bugbear, are we not getting perilously near King Charles' head? What would the Emperor say to such a suggestion? The Emperors, however, generally let republicans buzz as much as they liked, secure that they could not sting or would be afraid if they could. Lucan says to Nero, in the beginning of the poem, that it was worth while for

the world to go through what it did that posterity might have the privilege of living under a Nero. Later on he is very angry with Destiny for not allowing posterity the option which Caesar's contemporaries had of striking a blow for liberty before settling down to slavery. The victory of Caesar, *i.e.*, the establishment of the Empire, proves that there are no gods (vii, 455 ff.), or, if there are, then they mismanaged the universe and are in the wrong. *Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni* (i, 128.) Cato's opinions are more than once set against Heaven's, to the discredit of Heaven. If, then, the Empire is a blessing to mankind, why is its creator a villain? If it is a curse, how is Nero such a blessing as he is in book I? And if neither of these questions can be answered, and the characters are neither true to history nor consistent throughout (except Cato, who is easy to draw, being impracticability personified,) where is the merit of the poem?

The merit lies in what marred it. The sections, written to be read, have militated against unity of structure and conception, and they are, notwithstanding, the making of the poem. The poet writes about a great event he does not understand, and about characters he does not understand, and his contemporaries applauded, and they applauded his irrelevance. He has a marvellous faculty for introducing occasions for leaving his subject to be brilliant. He knew such a lot of things that he had to work them in, and he versified his knowledge so agreeably and in such smooth hexameters that his listeners wondered. He was fond of apostrophes, for they offered scope for his rhetoric, and rhetoric was popular. His audience shared with him (and with us) the fault of loving epigram, even at the expense of truth, and Lucan's epigrams were highly successful—witness the line just quoted. He was a terribly clever young man and said brilliant things, and he had, too, a certain flavour of impiety. I do not suppose a Roman would have quite understood the word "blasphemy," but society under Nero did not believe very much in anything, and impiety, however cheap, is with some attractive in proportion as it is daring. So Lucan was loved, and after his death some

of his friends canonized him so far as to celebrate his birthday year by year, as the republicans did Brutus'. Some doubted whether or no he was a "poet," but that, according to Martial (xiv, 194,) was decided in his favour by the bookseller on the score of his popularity.

Let us look more closely at his character. He was a shrewd if not a sympathetic person, and not unfrequently he touches off a trait here or there in some character with a good deal of truth. He wholly misreads Caesar and draws us a caricature. Caesar, we know, made every effort to prolong peace, and had less liking for bloodshed than any Roman of note. Lucan makes him a monster, who delights in nothing so much as blood. He would sooner gain a victory at the cost of blood than without it. If the historical Caesar had a fault, it was generosity to his foe. This was his death in the long run. Lucan elaborately tells us that his grief at Pompey's murder was pure pretence, and that he waited till the fact was quite beyond doubt before he affected sorrow:

ix, 1036. *vultus dum crederet haesit :  
utque fidem vidit sceleris tutumque putavit  
iam bonus esse socer, lacrimas non sponte cadentes  
effudit gemitusque expressit pectore laeto.*

This is Domitian, not Julius. Yet Lucan recognizes once or twice the extraordinary energy and rapidity of Caesar, his belief in his destiny, and his strange power of gaining devotion.

v, 301. *fata sed in praeceps solitus demittere Caesar.*  
ii, 656. *sed Caesar in omnia praeceps  
nil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum.*  
vii, 285. *me Fortuna meorum  
commisit manibus*

v, 493. *si bene nota mihi est ad Caesaris arma iuventus  
naufragio venisse volet.*

Strange that he should not have realized this man must be greater than the villain he drew. He contradicts himself, too, when he makes Caesar the bloodthirsty say before the battle:

vii, 319. *civis qui fugerit esto*

There is a curious passage in book X, where Lucan's own vanity betrays him into showing



up one of the great points of Caesar, the width and range of his interests. He wants to display how much he knows about the Nile, so he makes Caesar ask an old Egyptian about it at Cleopatra's table—describing the questioner as *mundi capax hostis*. He is right, for Caesar of all men could grasp the world in its every aspect.

Pompey by Lucan's showing is a poor creature. The Roman had in a strange degree what has been called the "processional instinct." Triumphs and funerals afforded him opportunities for indulging it, and in private life he seems to have found it hard not to pose. The anecdotes, at all events, are full of his attitudes assumed to impress outsiders with his *severitas*. All his works he does (according to the anecdotographers) to be seen of men. So Pompey persistently poses throughout the book. Even his wife is represented as afraid *flentem deprendere Magnum* (v, 736). After his defeat he lectures her in the "old Roman" style and shows a strange insensibility to his own absurdity and to her feelings. Blame Lucan for this rather than Pompey. We can best sum up his Pompey by citing the passage where his landing in Egypt is described. The whole fleet is anxious not so much lest Pompey come to grief as lest he cringe to Ptolemy.

viii, 594.

*sed ne submisce precibus Pompeius adoret  
sceptra sua donata manu.*

As for Cato, I do not think he could have reasonably complained of Lucan's portrait. He is drawn exactly as he would have wished to be drawn—hard, inflexible, high-principled, dutiful and wooden. Book IX chiefly concerns him and he shews up well, if theatrical at times in his postures. He refuses to consult the oracle of Ammon in a really fine speech based on stoical pantheism or athesim (ix, 564-582.) The god can tell him nothing he cares to know. *pavido fortique cadendum est: hoc satis est dixisse Jovem*. All we do or are is involved in God or the gods, for He or they are the sum of all things. *Juppiter est quodcumque vides quodcumque movetis*. Lucan admires Cato and is happier in his treatment of him than of the others.

Some of the minor characters are interesting, but let us be content with Cleopatra *Romano non casta malo*, who is drawn from the outside as she is by all Romans, except Horace, who seems to have felt her spirit. The beautiful witch *formae confisa suae* is powerfully pictured, the culminating epigram being put in an Egyptian's mouth:

Egypt her dower, and Rome the wage of sin—  
x, 357 *interque maritos  
discurrens Aegypton habet Romanque meretur*

Turning to more general criticism, for his story is in all the history books and to be read there with more ease and satisfaction than in his poem, we may deal broadly with some of his more striking characteristics.

He has no reverence in his nature. This may have been a congenital defect. With some men it is, but in Lucan's case his education and his popularity must have robbed him of what powers of reverence he had. A system of philosophy which deliberately aimed at making men self-sufficient, and a system of training which inculcated that nothing really mattered so long as you could be glib about it, were not likely to develop reverence. In Cato's speech, already referred to, he rises to his highest level. Generally, when dealing with the gods, he is content to say that Fate or Fortune rules all, or that Might is Right and God too.

x, 414.

*Dat scilicet omnis dextera quod debet superis—*

Man gives himself what he is indebted to Heaven for. There really is grave doubt as to whether there are gods (vii, 445 ff.). At all events the gods do not trouble about the average man.

v, 340

*nunquam sic cura deorum  
se premit ut vestrae morti vestraeque salutis  
fata vacent*

Consequently, as other ancients discovered, the best gift life has to offer is the power of ending it.

iv, 479.

*vita brevis nulli superest qui tempus in illa  
quaerendae sibi mortis habet.*

In fact, the gods cheat us into living on and on by hiding the knowledge that death is best.

iv, 519. *victurosq; dei celant ut vivere durent  
felix esse mori.*

In one place he curiously anticipates our scientists. Others may make a virtue of mystery in speaking of nature, but not so Achoreus.

x, 196.

*sit pietas aliis miracula tanta silere :  
sed ego caelicolis gratum reor ire per omnes  
hoc opus et sacras populis notescere leges.*

He might have been a better man and a better poet had he known less Natural Science or been more willing to hide his knowledge.

(To be continued.)

## Poetry.

### THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

You remember the College boarding house,  
And the table where we dined,  
How there sat amidst our jocund group  
One maid of an austere mind.  
We were not such a wicked set perhaps,  
But we had a fault or two,  
And she it was who found them out,  
And searched them through and through.  
She lectured us, she scolded us,  
Till faith in our virtues was gone,  
And we shuddered to think what our plight would be  
When the Day of Doom should dawn.

Well, on one of those nights, no matter which,  
I had eaten a hearty tea,—  
There came to my pillow a frightful dream,  
Full of omen and warning for me.  
Methought that the college days were o'er,  
And each of us in his turn,  
Having struggled his way through a short, brisk life,  
Had stumbled over the bourne.  
Then out of a shabby, unkept grave,  
I saw a spirit arise,  
And leaving the earth like a shadow behind  
Go winging away to the skies.

Up it sped on eager, tremulous wings,  
Till it reached the Heavenly gate,  
But it stopped on the threshold, for there stood She,  
Frowning in awful state —

"Saint Peter,"—her voice was stern and hard,  
"I've a word to say to you.

I know this gentleman's every fault,  
And have searched them through and through.  
He was wont to smoke in his College days,

In spite of his friends' appeals;

And even now beneath that wing

A roll of tobacco conceals.

What! shall he poison our heavenly airs

With these vile odors? No!  
Away! let him mingle his cigaret smoke  
With the brimstone fumes below!"  
'Twas gone in an instant, that slender ghost,  
One gasp of cigary breath,  
One frantic flap of its batlike wings,  
Then, down to the gulf beneath.

Next I saw a proud and lofty form  
Come swaggering up to the gate,—  
"Ho, ho! Saint Peter, let me in!  
Come, hustle! I won't wait!"  
Forward She sprang with eyes ablaze,—  
You cannot enter there!  
Saint Peter! when his passions burn!  
I have heard this gentleman swear!  
Just think! if his harp should get out of tune,  
Or his golden crown fall off  
In the heavenly dance, what a torrent of oaths!  
What language, wild and rough!"  
In wrath Saint Peter hurled him forth;  
Nine days and nights he fell;  
I saw the mad flourish of his heels,  
Heard his despairing yell.

Then came a gentle, courteous ghost,  
With look so kind and true,  
Saint Peter, ere She interposed,  
Had all but let him through.  
But she seized him by the white cravat,  
And firmly dragged him away,—  
"Before you let this fellow in  
I have just a word to say:  
He meant to be good, I have no doubt,  
Yes, studied divinity;  
But had nothing to do with the schemes of the  
Church,—

Oh, a pious man was he!  
And many a time he would come to church  
With nothing to put on the plate,—  
D'y'e think he has paid the price of his crown?  
Come, turn him away from the gate!"

And thus I saw our little band  
One by one those gates essay,  
And one by one at her ruthless frown  
Dejectedly turn away.

Then with an easy, satisfied air,—  
"I think that's all!" she cried;  
And now, as there's nothing more to do,  
I think I'll just step inside."

But Saint Peter straddled across the way,  
And nervously fumbled his keys;  
"If I could," he stammered, "I'd let you in,  
But—just wait a moment, please.

"Perhaps you have read in that good old book  
That showed you the way to this gate,  
'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,'  
Which means, 'Thou shalt not hate.'

"That thou shalt not judge, lest thou shouldst be  
By that same harsh judgment tried,—  
And—here comes the chief of the Y.M.C.A.,  
You'll kindly stand aside!"

—A. T.

#### REVERIE OF A DIVINITY STUDENT.

Amiable, amiable, good and fair!  
I never smoke or drink or swear;  
But give me a blossom from Gossip's tree,  
I will shake its leaves o'er land and sea;  
I will take the word by chance let fall  
And in new garments show it to all!  
Oh, I am amiable, good and fair!  
I never smoke or drink or swear;  
But in my love I am far too cute  
To brook any rival to my suit.  
  
What man in love would rival me?  
One subtle lie, and where is he?  
One word in the ear of the girl we woo,  
Who knows what wonders that may do?  
One finger pointed in the rink  
May accomplish more than we ever think!  
What it is to be amiable, good and fair!  
To never smoke or drink or swear!

#### Addresses.

**I**N this issue we are able to give in full the address delivered by Mr. Toshi C. Ikehara, B.A., at the World's Sunday-school Convention in London, Eng., last July, and through the kindness of Mr. W. B. Jacobs, General Secretary of Illinois State Sunday-school Convention, we present an excellent likeness of our former beloved fellow-student. Mr. Ikehara is now an International Sunday-school Field Worker in Tokyo, Japan, which work is maintained by annual personal subscription under the direction of the International Sunday-school Executive Committee.

*Mr. Chairman, Members of the Convention, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—It is no common pleasure, I assure you, to be present at this memorable gathering and be permitted to say a few words upon the cause I love so much. My pleasure is all the keener, when I realize the fact that in the annals of the World's Sunday-school Conventions this is the first time the work in Japan has had a representative.

I trust, ladies and gentlemen, you have followed with interest the progress of the Gospel of Christ in the Island Empire of Japan. After the introduction of Christian faith in that land, only a few decades ago, marvellous achievements were accomplished, and a few years ago the number of Christians reached 40,000 in round figures. Then we cried out in ecstasy of joy that the Empire of

Japan will soon become a Christian nation; but we now know that our congratulations were premature, and all our great expectations were not to be realized.

The reaction against Christianity set in. The progress of the Gospel was hindered, and now for a few years the statistics show no great signs of improvement, and we are still the same 40,000, among the entire population of 42,000,000, a proportion of one in every 1,050.

It pains me when I read from time to time from the pages of magazines, the organs of Buddhism or Shintoism, the boasting words of their leaders, "We have now completely checked the invasion of adestructive Christianity," or "we are now in position to root out Christianity from the land." I know too well that the love of our Saviour has taken a deep root in the heart of Christians in Japan, and that nothing can in any way separate them from it, and yet my heart is grieved beyond mea-



MR. T. C. IKEHARA, TOKYO.

sure as I look on that far-away field of Christian enterprise, and see that we are but now holding a position of defence after so many years of successful and aggressive warfare.

I have a younger brother, a zealous preacher of the Gospel, whom I had the profound satisfaction of leading to the Nazarene through a Sunday-school in which I was actively and successfully engaged, though I was then a mere lad of fourteen. Both he and I, as well as many Christians in Japan, would gladly lay down our lives to restore the once progressive condition of our fellow-men from the superstition and prejudice by which they are surrounded.

Among the forces used to counteract the influence of Christian missions are:

1. The followers of Confucius who have no definite places of meeting, no definite plans of extending their doctrine. A few of them meet whenever and wherever they choose to study together the Ethico-political teachings of their sage. They have no organization and they exist in groups, consequently there is no way of ascertaining the number of these moralists. We know, however, that their influence is enormous. In all the public and grammar schools throughout the empire, the books of Confucius are taught as the basis of moral education, yet strictly speaking the Confucian code of morals is not a religious system.

2. Shintoism, with its 190,803 temples and 14,829 priests, forms a very formidable obstacle to our work. They are sub-divided into nine separate bodies, each distinct from the others in its conception of the gods it worships. They have no idea of their own strength, for they make no definite demarcation between believers and unbelievers. Besides these nine there is one sect which is classified as another branch of Shintoism, and its teaching is very harmful to the morals of the people, and yet it claims the following of some 6,000,000.

3. Buddhism is the strongest and greatest enemy. Among the Buddhist priests there are men of keen intellect and foresight, and they have made a careful investigation of our organization and adopted some advantageous plans. They have established private schools of all grades, women's societies, lectures, system of assemblies, magazines and newspapers, and Young Men's Buddhist Associations. They are very aggressive in their endeavors, and make all sorts of plans to extend their influence over the entire land. The twelve sects of Buddhism very widely differ in their teachings, but in efforts to counteract the invasion of our faith they are one. These twelve are again subdivided into 36 distinctive religious bodies, with 46 high priests, 260,490 instructors, 52,994 priests, 10,989 theological students, and 108,330 temples. The followers of Buddhism, numbering about 15,000,000, are very zealous in their superstitious belief, and it is a common occurrence for followers of the Hongwanji sect to make a pilgrimage to Kyoto and devote to the temple all the money saved up during a lifetime to the last penny.

4. The Roman Catholic Church in Japan has now 52,792 adherents, and the Greek Church 23,856.

Amid these counter-forces our Protestant missionaries and native workers, representing 30 missionary organizations, have planted 885 stations, and, best of all, wherever they went they established Sunday-schools which, according to statistics collected this spring, show 901 schools, of which about 100 were in Tokyo, and 35,033 scholars, a gain of 64 schools and 4,409 scholars over last year; but, on the whole, the school attendance is extremely irregular, and in the figures just quoted are included a large number of those who have attended only two or three Sundays in a year.

This irregularity of attendance is due to the fact that a large portion of the scholars are the children of the lower class who attend from curiosity, and in many cases come without their parents' knowledge.

Of course, these are very hard scholars to teach, for they are generally very inattentive, and their ill-behavior is often a hindrance to the instruction of a lesson; yet it is very encouraging to know that once in a while a seed thus sown produces an abundant harvest. Besides this class of scholars we have two distinct sets of children in our schools. First, the children of Christian parents, who are sent to learn and they try to learn. They are very regular and punctual in their attendance, and receive the instruction with utmost attention. Second, the children of well-to-do parents, who though themselves unbelievers in the Gospel of our Master, are willing that their children should receive the best Christian teaching. These too make excellent scholars.

The teachers in the Sunday-schools of Japan are composed of some earnest Christian native Bible women, pastors, and missionaries and their wives, while students from various mission schools often come to assist our teaching work. In larger schools we have a regular superintendent, secretary, treasurer, librarian, but in most cases these duties are attended to by the teachers themselves. In a few cases, one earnest Christian without any assistant or helper holds a Bible class in an out-of-the-way place and is doing noble work.

The Bible lessons taught in these schools differ very widely; only a small percentage using the International Lesson System, the others studying the Word of God on an independent plan. This is owing to the lack of co-operation, and we hope that in the near future some vigorous steps will be taken to persuade all the schools to adopt uniform lessons, for until that can be effected any helps on the lessons which are now published will be of very little use.

I have thus in a condensed form endeavored to give you glimpses of the surroundings and conditions of Sunday-school work in Japan; but before I conclude, permit me to say that the Sunday-school work is the hope of salvation in that Eastern kingdom, inasmuch as the future of a nation lies with the children, and formation is better than reformation. I am fully convinced that if we seize the 10,000,000 of boys and girls in Japan to-day and give them the sword of the Spirit they will to-morrow conquer that nation in the name of our King, Jesus Christ.

Again there is peculiar fitness for this work in my native land, where we can hardly get any grown people to come to the church; but it is an easy matter to gather a crowd of children anywhere in the empire and teach them the love of Christ. And through them we can reach the adult portion of the country. It is the design of the International Sunday-school Executive Committee which I represent, to unite the efforts of all Sunday-schools, and assist in their work and to establish new schools wherever practicable, and thus to aid in the missionary work of all the denominational boards.

Ladies and gentlemen, we have met here with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. We aim at no less than the federation of all parts of the world under one government of our King Lord Jesus. While we are here may His Spirit fill us, and when we return to our several countries, to make our best endeavors, may He crown our efforts with success.

# University News.

## ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

**A**N open meeting of the A.M.S. was held on Saturday, Feb. 4th, in Convocation Hall, Vice-President H. Hunter in the chair.

R. B. Dargavel gave notice that the annual meeting of the Rugby Football Club would take place the following Saturday; also that the report of the *Conversazione* would be given.

J. D. Cannon moved, as subject matter for debate, seconded by M. McKinnon, "That Canada should bear a share proportionate to her resources in the expenditure for Imperial defence." A very general discussion followed, and the motion when put to the house was lost.

W. H. Montgomery favored the meeting with a recitation.

An open meeting was held Saturday evening, Feb. 11th, in Convocation Hall, President R. Burton in the chair.

R. B. Dargavel presented the report of the General Committee of the *Conversazione*: Total receipts, \$320.60; total expenditure, \$327.75, but as \$8.95 of this was used to purchase material in the shape of bunting, etc., which stands as an asset, and should have been paid out of the general fund of the Society, there is actually a surplus of \$1.80.

The annual meeting of the Rugby Football Club then took place, and Manager A. E. Ross presented his report. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

Hon. President—T. S. Scott.  
President—J. S. Ferguson.  
Vice-President—J. S. Macdonnell.  
Captain—E. S. Elliott.  
Manager—A. E. Ross.  
Manager, and team—R. B. Dargavel.

The appointment of the captain of the second team was referred to the executive-elect, with instructions to report to the Society.

The two outstanding accounts in connection with the recent *Conversat.* amounting to \$7.15, were ordered to be paid.

The Freshman year furnished the following programme for the evening:

Piano Solo ..... Miss D. Chown.  
Recitation ..... Mr. Magee.

Piano Duet.....Misses Watson and Wilson.  
Violin Solo.....Mr. Silver.  
Vocal Solo.....Mr. Spencer.

Rev. A. E. Lavell, a Queen's graduate, addressed the meeting. He spoke enthusiastically of the time he had spent in College, and referred to several present who had been in College with him "ten years ago." At the request of the students he sang a couple of College songs, which were well appreciated.

## ATHLETICS.

### NOTES.

Queen's hockey team has received a tempting offer from Pittsburg, Pa., to play three games there before the end of this month. In all probability the trip will be taken after the final game with 'Varsity.

The agitation to make an open rink on the College grounds next winter is increasing among the students. Already the Athletic Committee has discussed the matter, and will keep it in view.

McGill hockey team desired Queen's to play two games for the intercollegiate championship of America, one in Montreal and the other in Kingston. Queen's, however, refused to accede to such a request, and if McGill are anxious to dispute Queen's right to this title, they, as challengers, must come here and do it.

A meeting of the Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Union is to be held next week. 'Varsity has proposed several changes in the rules, viz., to adopt the American scrumage, to reduce the number of players, and to prevent the wings from holding one another. Queen's will oppose the suggestion as to changing the scrumage. It is to be hoped that no changes will be made by the Intercollegiate Union which are not adopted by the Canadian Executive, as there should be *one* Canadian game.

The entrance of 'Varsity into the final game for the championship of the O.H.A. was welcomed by all the students of Queen's, who rejoiced that these two rival Universities in the arena of sport would thus come together in friendly conflict. In the Victoria Rink at Toronto the first game in the final took place last Wednesday night, when Queen's were victorious by a score of 9-3. The first half stood 4-3 in favor of Queen's.

## Arts Department.

### POLITICAL SCIENCE AND DEBATING CLUB.

ONE of the most interesting meetings in the history of the Club was held on Feb. 1st, when the senior and junior years met upon the platform to debate the following subject: "That Imperial Federation is practicable and should be accomplished." The speakers were: affirmative, G. A. McKinnon and A. Petrie, '00; negative, O. Skelton and J. F. Millar, '99. The judges, Messrs. J. S. Shortt, M.A., and A. Burton, M.A., gave their decision in favour of the negative.

"That the British Parliamentary system of government is superior to the Republic system of the United States," was the subject debated at the regular meeting of the Club on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 9th. The affirmative produced some strong arguments in favour of the British system which were fairly well met by the negative, yet the affirmative carried off the palm. The speakers were: H. B. Munro, B.A., and J. A. McIntosh for the affirmative, and N. A. Brisco, B.A., and C. V. Lindsay for the negative. J. D. Cannon, J. A. McDonald and J. D. Byrnes were the judges.

### YEAR REPORTS.

'00.

A regular meeting of this year was held on Thursday, Feb. 2nd. A motion was passed expressing sympathy with the Arts Society in its endeavor to put a stop to talking in the halls. In consequence of the "Muse" having left her, Miss MacAllister was unable to favor us with a poem and instead gave a reading. Mr. Wilson read an excellent paper on "Wordsworth." Songs were given by Messrs. Scott and Crawford.

Mr. Petrie, in his criticism of the meeting, said that Miss MacAllister had given "A-musement" to all, and regretted that he had no "words worth(y)" to express the excellence of Mr. Wilson's paper.

'01.

The regular meeting of the Sophomore year was held on Feb. 8th, at five o'clock. After the usual business had been transacted a programme was given, the principal feature of

which was a debate on the subject, "Resolved, that sentiment is more powerful in controlling actions than reason." The affirmative was taken by G. B. McLennan and J. A. Caldwell, while J. Matheson and J. C. Gandier upheld the negative. After the subject had been warmly contested on both sides, the meeting decided in favour of the negative. The general opinion, however, seemed to be that there was very little to choose between the debaters.

### Y. M. C. A.

T. W. Brown led the meeting of Feb. 10th, on the subject of "Service." He pointed out, especially by illustrations from the life of Jesus, that royalty and service go hand-in-hand. It is not enough simply to do good actions but our motives must be good. This character of our service depends upon the motives that prompt us to service. After his address, partial reports were given by two of the delegates who attended the Y.M.C.A. Convention at Brockville. A fuller report of the convention will be given at a future meeting. D. M. Solandt, T. C. Brown, W. Purvis, R. A. Wilson and J. A. Donnell were the delegates who attended the Provincial Convention in Brockville.

### PERSONALS.

We are pleased to hear that G. H. Hartin, of the class of '99, has secured a lucrative position in the Edison Electric Co., at Schenectady, N. Y. This accounts for his absence from College this year. His friends will be glad to hear that he intends to pay us a visit at Convocation to witness the laureation of the fortunate members of the senior class.

Mr. E. R. North, B.A., of the class of '96, is the latest recruit we have heard of to the ranks of the M. M. P. A. Ed. is principal of the Sandwich public school and has done the right thing no doubt in taking this move.

## Ladies' Column.

**S**T. Valentine's Day has come and gone, and we have heard very little about it. We can remember the time when the post-offices were full of highly perfumed Cupids, roses and forget-me-nots, and those brilliantly-colored, wildly-imagined scarecrows warranted to re-

semble nothing in heaven above or on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. But this has all gone by, and perhaps it is a good thing, for what pleasure could be given by either kind is beyond the power of even the editorial mind to imagine. We fear, too, that the custom was often an excuse for dealing wounds in a fashion that would at any other time have been called cowardly.

A great many of the girls attended the open meeting of the Alma Mater on Saturday night, and apparently found the proceedings very enjoyable. The gallery was quite full, though the back rows could neither have heard nor seen much. The freshmen seem to be a "drawing card."

The lady students have all been made happy since Christmas by the supply of newspapers and magazines in the Levana room. It is a pleasant way of spending a spare hour; much more pleasant than reading Cicero or "Sturm und Drang Periode der Erde."

Now the Alumni are with us again, and everyone seems glad to see familiar faces, but we girls cannot help a little lonesomeness. Our old friends do not come back. At least if they do, it is only one at a time, and not altogether, like the Theological Alumni. It would be very pleasant, indeed, if all the old girls could come back for a series of lectures—only what would the lectures be on? The only subjects that would interest most of our graduates would be some branch of Domestic Science, "The art of making bread," for instance, and as that is now a capital offence, we fear that the authorities would scarcely be willing to lecture on it.

## Medical College.

### NOTES.

THE attention of students is directed to the quartered oak book-case in Dr. Knight's private room. While intended primarily as a book-case, and used as such by private and professional men, it may be used as an instrument cabinet by doctors and surgeons. The case is described as "elastic," on account of the fact that just as a man's books increase in number, the case may be increased by the addition of shelves, either on top or alongside of those already purchased. One of the best things about "the case" is its moderate cost—\$12 for dimensions of 34 inches wide and 10 inches high. The one in Dr. Knight's room was manufactured and presented to him by The Wernicke Co., of Grand Rapids, Mich. It is used as an instrument case, and displays many

of the physiological instruments belonging to the University. The young doctors should examine it "before purchasing elsewhere" next spring.

The final year had the pleasure of listening to two very clear and interesting lectures from Dr. Lavell, ex-Warden of Kingston Penitentiary. It was at the request of Dr. Garrett, Professor of Obstetrics, that these lectures were given, and the thanks of the class are hereby tendered for the favour. When it is remembered that Dr. Lavell previously taught Obstetrics and Gynaecology, and that Dr. Garrett was one of his students, we now understand why so many of Queen's medical men succeed. Dr. Garrett's courtesy to his former professor was fully appreciated by the class, and we believe no misunderstanding will occur when we say we prefer our present instructor, for besides knowing all Dr. Lavell taught him, he has learned a little himself. Dr. Lavell's many years of labor have neither dulled his intellect nor clouded his utterance; both seem like a well used instrument—keen, clear and bright.

The members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes are making collections these days, and Dame Rumor says the "object" is something to "a-dore."

How did it happen that Tommy "Irish" got his ears frozen going home from the rink?

Mr. J. F. Goodchild was the choice of the "disciples" to represent them at the Science dinner this week. We believe that in any company he can be nothing but a "good child."

Rumor has it that the Palestine White Cross Bubble has burst. The price of the "passports" was too high.

Prof. of Surgery:—"Mr. ———, how would you treat a man suffering from concussion of the brain?"

Mr. ———. "Keep him quiet and resting."  
Prof. of Surgery.—"Oh, he is quieted already and resting, too. Would you stimulate him?"

Mr. ———. "Yes, I think I would."  
Prof. of Surgery.—"No; you would do nothing of the kind." Tableau!

Prof. of Surgery:—"Next man, what is the formation of the skull?"

Next man.—"An inner and outer plate."  
Prof. of Surgery.—"What! there is no such a word."

Next man.—"Internal and external tables."  
Prof. of Surgery.—"Yes! inner and outer tables. That's right."

Next man.—(*sotto voce*.) "Say, boys, this is no picnic. Got to have tables instead of plates."

(Before monthly exam.) Tutor in Histology.

—"Gentlemen, I have made this examination pretty stiff, and I intend to mark you very close."

(After exam.) Chorus of class.—"I guess we fooled you."

Eddie R—says there was no joke on him in the last JOURNAL, for if that Arts man knew anything he would know that "diamonds" light up dark places.

Some of the meds.—"The Barker seems to have been silenced."

Other meds.—"Oh yes! some boards were pulled off the fence and our own Robert got at him."

Prof. of Medicine.—Mr. McC., what is the derivation of Diabetes?"

Mr. McC. (*sotto voce*).—"Dios, I don't know, and Betus, that beats me."

### Science Hall.

#### NOTES.

THE Engineering Society held its second annual dinner at the British American Hotel last Tuesday evening, and the affair in every way was a success. A report was received too late for insertion in this issue.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Nicol, and hope she will very soon be well again.

Our worthy janitor is again able to attend to his duties after being laid up by our friend (?) the grip.

A prominent member of the Engineering Society is receiving congratulations on his recent engagement to one of Kingston's young ladies.

### Divinity Hall.

#### NOTES.

THE Hockey Match with the men of Practical Science is a topic of great anticipation. In our Hall it was suggested that six men play in goal, and that one play rover. The Bishop quashed this by claiming to be equivalent to a defence of any combination of six men which should not include himself. The issue of our plottings will be tested before this reaches the reader, so no more need be said.

"Esau, the prodigal son, Martha and John Storm" were seen stalking around last week, enquiring at length for the rink.

All voices are hushed this week but those contributing in some way to the Alumni Conference. It has opened with vim and if steam keeps going up, the momentum will be enormous by the end of the week.

"The Chancellor's Scholarship in Theology will be awarded to the student of the second year, who, while standing well in at least two classes in Theology, has, in the opinion of the Faculty, taken the highest position during the year in Honour work in Arts."

The report of the *Conversazione* omitted the name of Mr. J. L. Murray, B.A., delegate from Knox College. Mr. Murray also visited our Hall and listened attentively to lectures. He brought some good news concerning Knox, that of the students' appreciation of the new professor being, perhaps, the best. It is very pleasurable to meet such representatives from sister institutions.

The senior year decided to be photographed at Sheldon & Davis' establishment rather than in any tent of dissenters. They will wear their own original heads, refusing to be hoodwinked by any of those bewitching images of the future which haunt their brethren of the Medical College. G. R. Lowe was appointed valedictorian.

#### "MANY ARE CALLED."

We note with pleasure that calls are being extended to several of our recent Graduates.

Rev. J. R. Hall, M.A., has been called to Albert Street Church, Sarnia; Rev. D. W. Best, to St. Andrew's Beaverton; Rev. J. K. Clark, B.A., to Franklin congregation, Portage la Prairie Presbyterian.

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